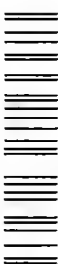


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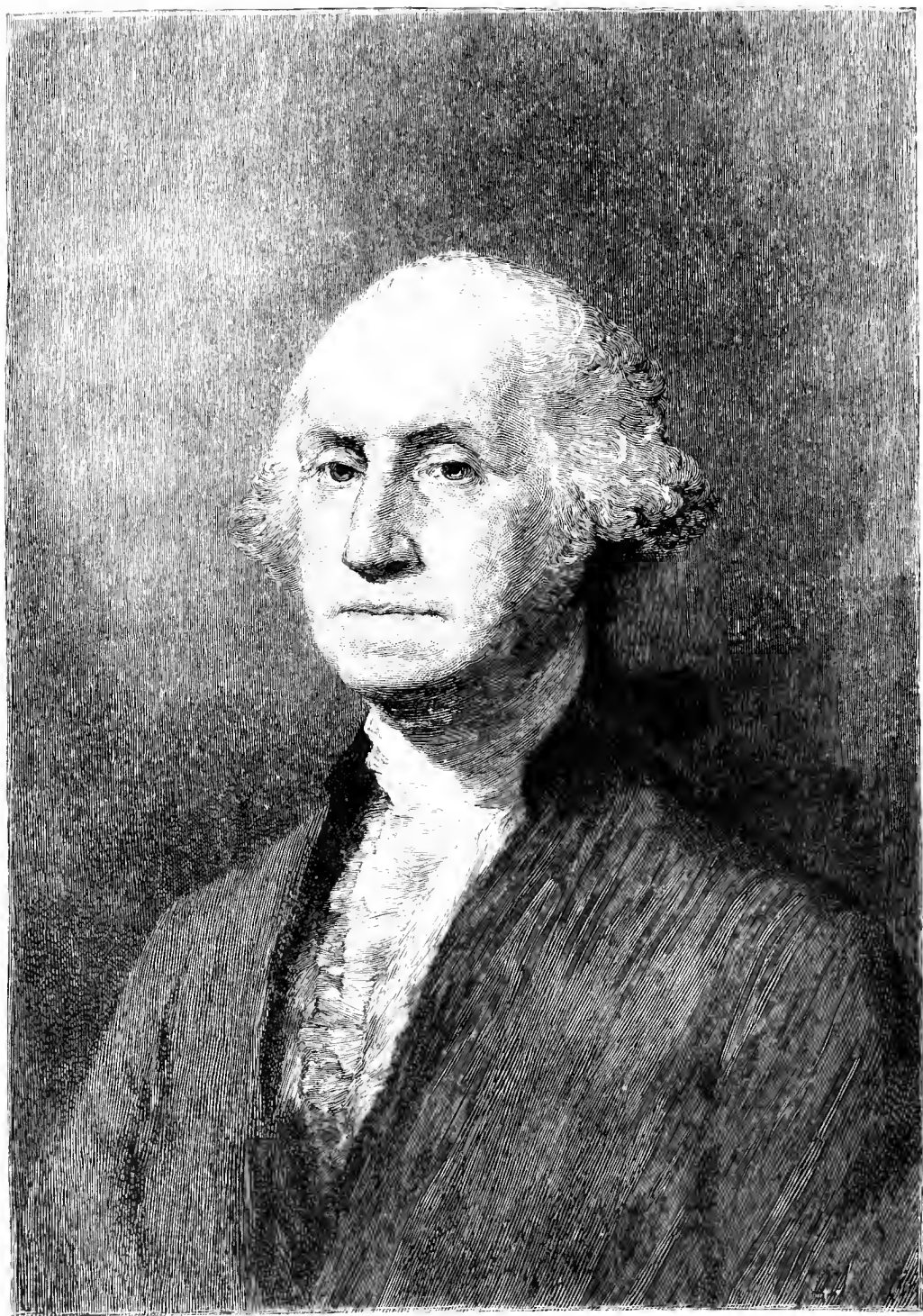
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GEORGE WASHINGTON

Engraved by G. Knell from the painting by Gilbert Stuart in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCL.—OCTOBER, 1883.—Vol. LXVII.

## LAST DAYS OF WASHINGTON'S ARMY AT NEWBURGH.

THE same reasons which induced Washington to make his head-quarters at Newburgh during the latter part of the Revolutionary war made it an important spot from the outset of the struggle. New England, through her open port and her own resources, furnished the chief material for carrying on the war. The British, occupying New York and patrolling the Hudson up to the Highlands, cut off the direct communication between it and the army under Washington in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The next nearest route was by way of Fishkill and Newburgh. Hence loaded teams were constantly arriving at the former place, which, being ferried across the river, took their tedious way back of the Highlands south to the army.

When the news of the battle of Yorktown and surrender of Cornwallis reached England, the government seemed paralyzed. Lord Germain took it to Lord North, the Prime Minister, and when asked how the latter received it, replied, "As he would a bullet in his heart." Flinging up his arms, he strode backward and forward across his apartment, exclaiming, "Oh God, it is all over! oh God, it is all over!—it is all over!" Parliament met two days after, and the strength of the opposition showed that in all probability it *was* all over. The news of this state of things did not reach this country till winter, and so, as soon as spring opened, Washington, leaving Rochambeau to protect New Jersey, joined the American army which had been ordered to march to Newburgh. With the army of Cornwallis gone, Sir Henry Clinton, shut up in New York, was in a condition to effect nothing except with his ships up the Hudson. This river, therefore, must be protected at all hazards, for, if hostilities should be resumed, its possession by the

enemy would be fatal, as New England would be separated from the other colonies, and the two sections could be easily beaten in detail. Once, Burgoyne had almost reached Albany, and Clinton had forced the passage of the Highlands to co-operate with him. To prevent a similar catastrophe Washington took up his position at Newburgh. The main army was encamped some two or three miles back, behind a morass, which Washington spanned by a single causeway. The house in which he took up his head-quarters stands on a bluff that overlooks the Hudson for eight miles to West Point. From this outlook he could ascertain at once when the enemy's ships broke through the barriers constructed there and began to ascend the river, and take such steps as he deemed necessary. The house, standing to-day just as it did then, is a quaint building, with a great pointed roof much higher than the body of the house. It is built of stone, with walls two feet thick, and contains six rooms besides the kitchen on the first floor, and five above. The roof is sustained by long timbers of red cedar, rough hewn, which to this day give out the delicate perfume of this wood. The main room on the first floor is low, with heavy rough-hewn timbers supporting the floor above, and is known, and has been for a century, as "the room with seven doors and one window." On one side is a huge open fire-place big enough to roast an ox, and on the hearth-stone of which one can look up through the tall chimney and see the sky above.

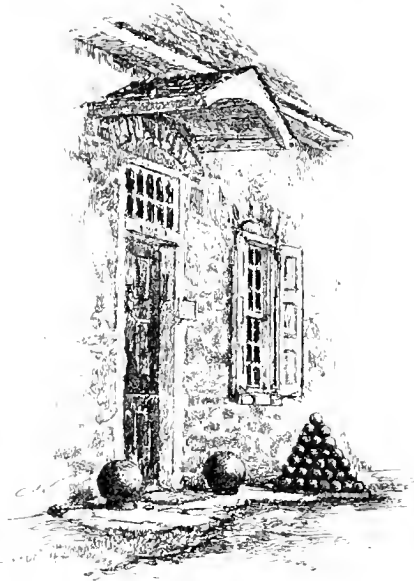
Some three miles south, back on the high ground, were the head-quarters of Knox and Greene, a house apparently modelled in its exterior after that occupied by Washington. Those of most of the other generals were strung along on a ridge opposite the slope on which lay

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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ENTRANCE TO WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

encamped the army in huts. Wayne's was to the north of Newburgh. Thus it will be seen that Washington's head-quarters, situated on a bluff sloping down to the river, was to the other head-quarters and to the army like the pivot of the diverging rays of a fan. No arrangement could be better for the speedy dispatch of orders to every part of the army. The history of the army during the year and a half it lay here may be divided into two parts—first the year of leisure, idleness, and comparative indifference, and the last six months of excitement, filled with great events until the army disbanded. Of course as the prospects of peace brightened, the strict discipline of the army relaxed, and the intercourse of the army with the people grew more intimate, and hence the domestic life of Washington and the officers became better known. Consequently many incidents of a private, social character have been handed down by tradition. It is only a few years since two men, one a major in the artillery, and the other a member of Washington's Life-Guard, both nearly a hundred years old, died a few miles back of Newburgh, one of whom has grandchildren still living in the old homestead. As to Washington, the routine of his life here furnished but little incident. His breakfast was a very informal meal, after which he ordered up

his horse, and, attended by an orderly or his negro servant Bill, rode over to the head-quarters of some of his generals. His lunch was free to all of his officers, but the dinner at five was a very formal affair, and every guest was expected to appear in full dress. If the guests had not all arrived at the precise hour, he waited five minutes to allow for the variation in the watches, and then would sit down to the table. The chaplain, if present, would say grace; if not, then Washington would say it himself, he and all the guests standing. If Hamilton was present he did the honors of the table; if not, then one of the aides-de-camp.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses—meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory-nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called on for a toast, which was drank by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality. General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of major-general, travelled over the country, and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington toasted and conversed all the while," and adds, "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers, but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's head-quarters were on the Fishkill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view of making officers of them, should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of head-quarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several





WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.

guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the state of the finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron: "you remain

financier without finances? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

On another occasion Mrs. Washington, with whom he was a great favorite, asked him how he contrived to amuse himself over at Fishkill, so much alone.

"Oh," said he, "I read and write, my lady, and play chess; and yesterday for the first time I went fishing. They told me it was very fine business to catch fish, and I did not know but this new trade might be useful to me by-and-by; but I fear I shall not succeed. I sat in the boat three hours. It was exceedingly warm, and I caught but two fish. They told me it was fine sport."

"What kind of fish did you catch, baron?" she asked.

"I am not sure, my lady," he replied; "but they called one of them a *whale*, I believe."

"A whale, baron, in the North River!" she exclaimed, in apparent surprise.

"Yes, I assure you; a very fine whale, my lady. Was it not?" he asked, turning to one of his aides.

"An *eel*, baron," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but the gentleman certainly told me it was a whale."

A burst of laughter followed, in which none joined more heartily than Washington.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties; and not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near Old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and there they remain to this day.

Clinton, it is known, made many attempts to capture Washington, believing that if he was taken prisoner the war would be brought to a successful close. He well knew that he was the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day to

the struggling patriots, and that the news of his being a prisoner in the hands of the British would not only totally dishearten the impoverished colonists, but paralyze the energies of their friends in the English Parliament. How many schemes were attempted we shall probably never know. We only know that Washington received many letters warning him of his danger. He doubtless had many narrow escapes, the plans of the enemy being thwarted either by the warning that he received, or from unforeseen circumstances—all the work of that Divine Providence that from his first entrance into the army had watched over him. That he has not left a record of some of these in detail is not very singular when we remember the character of the man; but the following has been handed down by the inhabitants residing near these headquarters at the time. No road at this period ran along the river from Newburgh south to New Windsor, though both are on its shore, and only a mile apart. A bold bluff one hundred feet or more high made an almost precipitous descent to the river nearly the entire way, rendering the construction of a road a very difficult and expensive work. But midway between the two places the Quassaick Creek burst through this heavily wooded bluff, and plunged into the river between banks more than a hundred feet high, revealing a dark and gloomy gorge.

Two or three hundred feet from the shore this chasm swung back on one side in a huge semicircle, inclosing a sweet little valley which is known as the Vale of Avoca. In this secluded valley lived a man named Ettrick. Behind his house the hill rose gradually, and stretched away to the west, the chasm gradually lessening in depth, till at the distance of half a mile or more it became so low and narrow that it was spanned by a bridge. Though Ettrick's house lay within short cannon-shot of Washington's headquarters, and in a line almost directly south, and about the same distance from the river, it required a circuit of nearly two miles to reach it by road. The tide set up the creek close to the dwelling, and a boat from it could be sent by strong rowers into the Hudson in five or ten minutes. In an hour more it could be carried into the gorge of the Highlands, and in less than an hour after to the British ships that lay below West Point. In fact, a boat well



MARTHA WASHINGTON.—From portrait by Gilbert Stuart.



VALE OF AVOCA.

manned could get within British protection in less than two hours after leaving Ettrick's house. It will be seen, therefore, that if Washington could be decoyed into Ettrick's house and captured, he would be under the British guns before ever he was missed at his own head-quarters. The plan was to have a strong guard come up in the night and lie concealed in this gloomy gorge, and seize Washington while at dinner in Ettrick's house, to which he had been invited. Ettrick professed to be a warm patriot, though some looked on him with suspicion. Whether he was really a traitor from sympathy with the Tories or became corrupted by British gold is not known. He was visited stealthily by Tories, and his daughter overheard them talking together one day about taking Washington prisoner. Soon after, her father told her that he had invited Washington to dine with him on a certain day. She immediately connected this with the conversation she had overheard, and suspected it was a plot to capture Washington. She at once sought a private audience with the latter,

and telling him her suspicions, requested him not to come to dinner. He, however, determined to ascertain definitely if there was such a black-hearted traitor within his lines, and within hearing of the bugles of his own head-quarters. So on the day appointed he rode around to Ettrick's, but ordered a detachment of his Life-Guard, dressed in English uniform, to follow at some distance, and never lose sight of the house, and at about the dinner hour, which was late, to march up to it. They did so, and Ettrick, mistaking them for the British and Tories, stepped up to Washington, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "General, I believe you are my prisoner!" "I believe not, sir; but you are mine!" was the reply, as the Life-Guard filed rapidly into the room. He was immediately marched off and locked up. This threw the daughter into a paroxysm of grief. She had not anticipated such a result. She had given no positive information—simply told her suspicions to Washington, and asked him to stay away from dinner. She did it to save

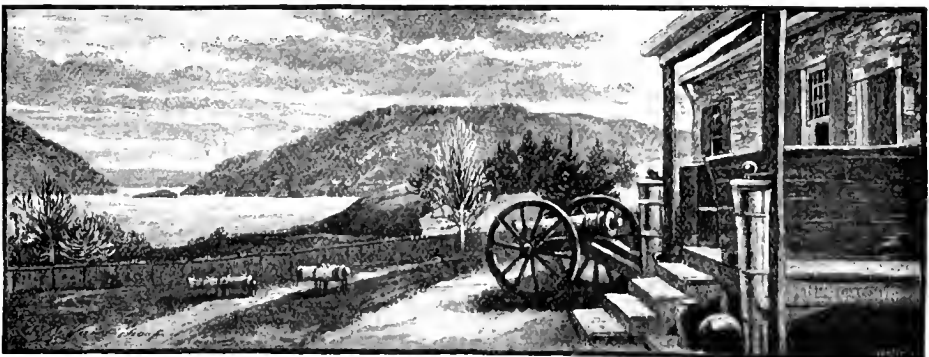
Washington and spare her father, but not to bring the latter to the gallows; and she besought the former not to repay her fidelity by hanging her father. If it had been a personal matter he could easily have forgiven it, but the blow was aimed at his country, and that he would not have forgiven in an only son. Still, every instinct of his heart revolted against rewarding so cruelly the devotion of the daughter. His whole noble, chivalric nature was aroused when she besought him not to repay her for saving his life by devoting her to a fate infinitely worse than death. It was an act that it was simply impossible for him to do, and though terribly pressed by the sense of duty to his country, he resolved to keep the whole matter secret, except perhaps as he consulted with a few personal friends, and released the traitor on the condition of his leaving the country. This he accepted, and fled to Nova Scotia, and nothing is known of his subsequent fate.

There has been some question as to the truth of the above legend, on the ground that so important an event in Washington's life would have been on record, and not be a mere local tradition. But, in the first place, Washington would naturally have taken special pains to keep it from publicity, so that if it ever saw the light it must be through tradition. He was placed in a perplexing position in which duty and honor stood arrayed against each other, and he had to choose between the two. The treason of Arnold was still fresh in the heart of the army and people, and neither Congress nor himself would be able to resist the demand for vengeance. Hence it was important that the incident should be kept secret, and it was. After-

ward more important events and the conclusion of peace would naturally drive it out of the minds of the few who knew it, or they, knowing Washington's wishes on the subject, did not speak of it. No one looking at the spot, and taking in the whole situation, would doubt its probability. The completeness of the plan shows it to have been carefully studied. Besides, the tradition is as well authenticated as any of those connected with the old head-quarters which have been incorporated into the accepted history of those times. He had doubtless many other quite as narrow escapes, which even tradition has not preserved, and which find no place in history.

Besides the levees held by Washington once a week, and the social gatherings inaugurated and given to amuse the officers, he issued an order recommending to the troops to make regimental gardens for the purpose of raising greens and vegetables for their own use. Passes were given to the soldiers to range the country for seeds, and advertisements were inserted in the papers for them to be delivered to the quartermaster to be equally distributed. Washington's wife set the example, and had a large vegetable garden laid out on one side of these head-quarters and a flower garden on the other, both of which she superintended herself. Remains of the brick-lined paths of the latter were visible till within a few years.

But as the months went on and the prospects of peace became more certain, this social every-day life and these quiet occupations were overshadowed by momentous events on which hung the destiny of the country. Both officers and men were getting very restless over the prospect be-



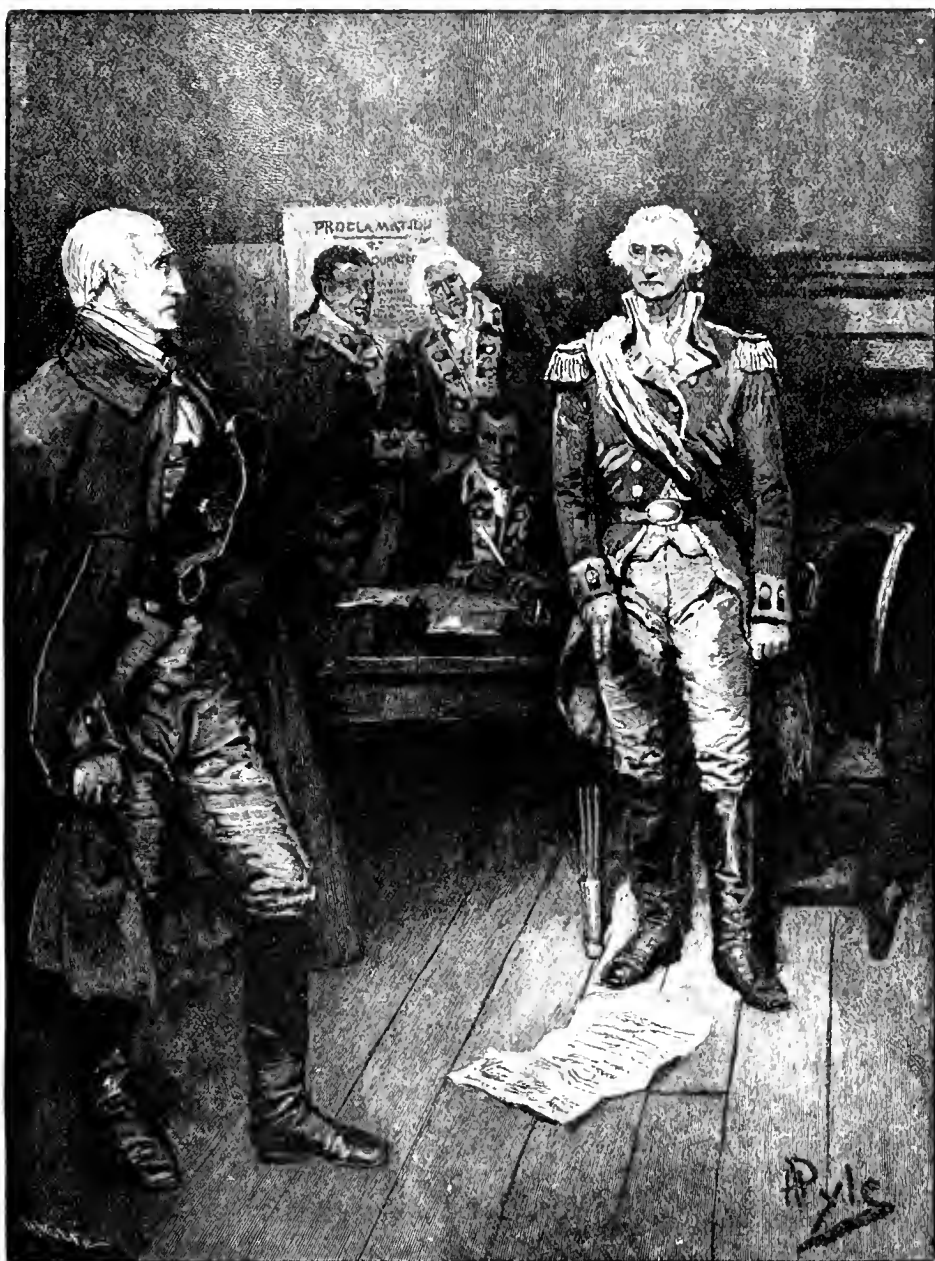
VIEW SOUTHWARD FROM WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

fore them, and indignant at the neglect of Congress to pay them their wages and provide for their wants, while their families were suffering at home. Murmurs deep and loud were constantly borne to Washington's ears, till he became alarmed. Many of his best officers shared his anxiety. Now, just as day was dawning and independence about to be secured, everything seemed to be tumbling in chaos about them, threatening a state of things worse than their former condition as colonists. In the uncertainty and dread which surrounded them the officers instinctively turned to Washington for safety. A paper embodying their views was drawn up, and Colonel Nicola—an old officer held in high esteem and confidence by Washington—was selected to present it. Riding up to the head-quarters one morning, he asked to see Washington on important business. Conducted into his presence, he presented him with the paper. This document, after describing the perilous state of feeling in the army and the dangerous aspect of affairs, and showing the necessity of settling at once on a form of government, now peace was assured, showing also that it must be a strong one, took up the several forms of government in the world, discussed the good and bad features of each, and summed up by declaring that a republican government was the most unstable and insecure of all, and a constitutional monarchy, with certain modifications, like that of England, the strongest and the safest; and continued, "such being the fact, it is plain that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of the army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother path of peace." In short, it declared that he alone could uphold the nation he had saved by his valor, and offered to make him dictator, and concluded by saying that, "owing to the prejudices of the people, it might not at first be prudent to assume the title of royalty, but if all other things were adjusted, we believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king." When Washington had read this paper the light died out of his eyes, and a look of inexpressible sadness stole over his countenance. Had he borne and suffered so much for these

seven long years to have it all end in this? The emotions that crowded his heart and shook his strong soul to its centre may be gathered from the sudden burst of indignation with which this proposition to make him king was received. "Sir," said he, "it is with a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrences in the course of the war have given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischief that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, as you have regard for your country, for yourself, or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind."

When one reflects how evenly balanced and self-controlled Washington's nature was, he can conceive somewhat how terribly moved he must have been when he exclaimed, "it is with a mixture of surprise and astonishment" that he has heard such sentiments expressed. Though he had suffered long and deeply, and at times stood the only pillar of fire that towered through the impenetrable darkness, when hope had died out of all other hearts, yet "no occurrences" through all those years of distress and gloom had given him "more painful sensations." That which in all other military chieftains would have awakened pride and exultation, fills him with sorrow and indignation. The compliments with which they accompanied their proposal were to his soul of honor or insults. To suffer and die for his country was his pride and glory; to betray her, a crime beyond his imagination to conceive. But all those mingled emotions give way before the terrible peril that threatens "his country," and there comes back like a mournful refrain, "the greatest mischief that can befall my country." History furnishes no parallel to this, and the little room in which he penned this immortal letter should be consecrated forever.

In Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, was settled the question of national inde-



WASHINGTON REFUSING A DICTATORSHIP

pendence; in these old head quarters it was decided whether we should be a republic or not. No spot on earth represents a more momentous event, or one more worthy to live in eternal remembrance in the hearts of the people of this country.

But Washington by his lofty patriotism had warded off one danger to his country only to be confronted by one still



OLD ELLISON HOUSE.\*

more appalling. He had been offered the kingship and refused: the army must now look to itself for protection. He would not go with them: then they must go on without him. The army with its pay withheld, Congress deaf to its petitions and indifferent to its wants, and yet its dissolution near, when it would be powerless to act, grew wrathful and mutinous.

Washington heard the deep mutterings of the gathering storm around him. The following strong language, in a letter to the Secretary of War, shows how imminent was the peril and how deeply he was moved. Said he: "Under present circumstances, when I see a number of men goaded by a thousand stings of reflections on the past and anticipations of the future about to be turned on the world, forced by penury and by what they call the ingratitude of the public, involved in debt, without one farthing to carry them home, after spending the flower of their days, and many of them their patrimonies, in establishing the freedom of their country, and suffering everything this side death—I repeat it—

when I consider these irritating circumstances, without one thing to soothe their feelings or dispel their prospects, I can not avoid apprehending that a train of evils will follow of a very serious and distressing nature. . . . You may rely upon it the patriotism and long-suffering of this army is well-nigh exhausted, and there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at present." What a terrible state of things must have existed that could wring such strong language from the prudent, self-contained Washington, and what an extraordinary position did this man occupy! When his faithful army, in view of their suffering condition and the helplessness or indifference of the government, asked him to become king and take charge of them and the country, he turned on them with a fierceness that was appalling, as if they were traitors to freedom. The next moment he turned on that government with equal sternness for its cruel treatment of that army of long-suffering, noble patriots. He stood alone between a starving mutinous army on the one side and an inefficient blind Congress on the other, assailing and defending both by turns, and with a lofty patriotism and far-seeing wisdom, acting only for his country. But his appeals to both were of no avail, and as winter with its increasing suffering came on, the low rumbling of the coming earthquake grew louder,

\* Twice during the war, Washington, while on a visit to that wing of the army operating in the Highlands, made the old Ellison house in New Windsor his headquarters for a short time. But the mansion has long since disappeared, and the old homestead been converted into a brick yard.



and fearful of a convulsion that would bury everything in indiscriminate ruin, he got the officers to assemble and appoint a committee to visit Congress and lay before it their grievances and ask for redress. But Congress, though full of conditional promises, refused to do anything till the separate States were consulted, which meant, of course, till peace was secured and the army disbanded and powerless.

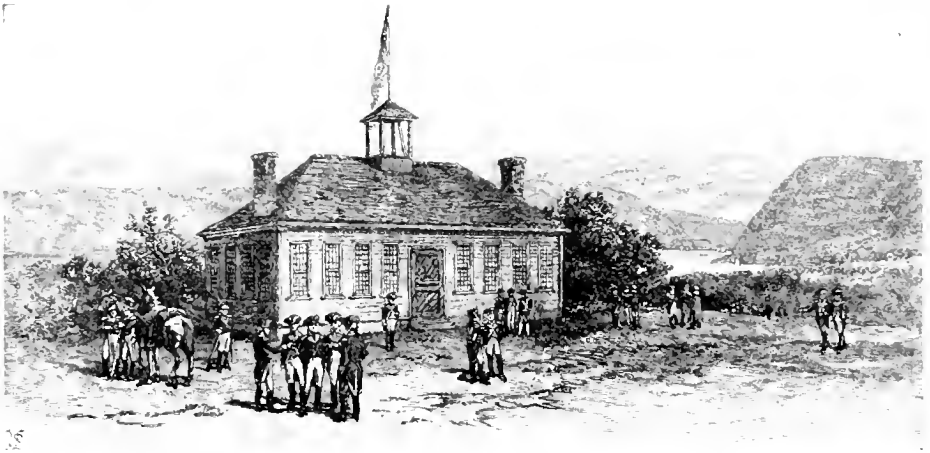
When this committee returned and reported its ill success, the murmuring grew louder and deeper, and Washington saw an abyss opening before him whose depths he could not fathom. What shape the dark shadow of coming evil would take he did not know; he only knew it was near at hand. At last it took definite form. One day a paper was handed him that had been freely circulated through the army, calling on the officers to assemble the next day at the "Temple" to decide on the measures the army should take in the present disastrous condition of things. This paper bore no signature, but was evidently written by an able hand,

and was well adapted to arouse and kindle into conflagration the smouldering fires in the army. This was plainly the purpose of the writer. He began by stating how ineffectual had been their appeal to Congress, and declared that the government had shown itself totally indifferent to their rights, and it was folly to trust longer to its sense of justice, saying, "Faith has its limits as well as its temper, and there are points beyond which neither can be stretched without sinking into cowardice or plunging into credulity." He then took a rapid survey of the past, spoke of their devotion to their country, their unparalleled sufferings and hardships endured without a murmur, and then in a series of scornful questions asked them how they had been rewarded. After arousing their indignation with this recital of their wrongs, and the contemptuous treatment with which their humble petitions had been received, he burst forth:

"If this be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary to the protection of your country, what have you to expect from peace when your voice



INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



THE TEMPLE.

shall sink and your strength dissipate by division, when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of your military distinction left you but your infirmities and scars? Can you consent to retire from the field and grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the remnant of that life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honor? *If you can, go and carry with you the jest of Tories, the scorn of Whigs, and, what is worse, the pity of the world. Go, starve and be forgotten.*" Growing bold in his indignation, he swooped down on Washington himself, and exclaims, "*Suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance.*"

"If you revolt at this," he added, "and would oppose tyranny under whatever garb it may assume, awake, attend to your situation, and redeem yourselves. If the present moment be lost, every future effort will be in vain, and your threats will be empty as your entreaties are now." He closed this stirring appeal with this direful proposition: "*Tell Congress that with them rests the responsibility of the future; that if peace returns, nothing but death shall separate you from your arms; if the war continues, you will retire to some unsettled country to smile in turn, and mock when their fear cometh.*"

These fiery words fell on the excited feelings of the army like fire on gunpowder. A frightful gulf had opened at the very feet of Washington, and he gazed with a beating heart and like one stunned into its gloomy depths. These brave men whom he had borne on his great heart these seven long years were asked to throw him overboard at last! Must it be, then, that the stormy and bloody road they had travelled together so long was to end in this awful abyss in which home and country and honor were to go down in one black ruin? As he looked on the appalling prospect his heart sank within him, and he afterward said it was "the darkest day of his life." Not in the gloomy encampment of Valley Forge, when he gazed on his half-naked, starving army dying around him, did the future look so hopeless. No lost battle-field ever bore so terrible an aspect. But what was to be done? The meeting had been called for the next day, so that there would be no time for passion to subside or cooler counsels to prevail. Should he forbid the meeting, as he had the power to do? No; the army was in no temper to submit to dictation. Besides, if he did, the evil would not be remedied. He must have something more than obedience; he must win back the love and confidence of the army, or all would be lost. He well knew that when that army once broke away from him in anger and defiance, nothing but the blackness of desolation awaited his country. With that

wonderful sagacity which in him seemed like prophecy, he simply issued an order postponing the meeting until Saturday, four days in advance, and designating the rank of the officers that should compose it. This would give him time to mature his plans. He then summoned to his headquarters his most trusted officers to consult on the proper course of action. It was a cold, chilly day, and the great open fire-place was heaped with blazing logs.

ton should attend the meeting and open it in person. This deferring the meeting till passion could subside, and the resolution to practically take charge of it in person, was a grand stroke of policy. It broke the whole force of the movement at the outset.

The morning of the 15th of March dawned sombre and bleak, and the leaden clouds hung heavy and dark over the wintry landscape. The snow still lay on the



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERALS KNOX AND GREENE AT VAIL GATE

before which Washington was slowly pacing when the generals, one after another, rode up and dismounted at the door. Wayne, Putnam, and Sullivan entered one after another, Steuben rode up from over the river, and Knox and Greene from New Windsor, and others, until they formed a noble group around their great chieftain. Of that deliberation no record has come down to us, but if the walls of the old room could speak, they would utter words of noble devotion and patriotism that would stir the heart like a trumpet call. It was determined that Washing-

ton should attend the meeting and open it in person. This deferring the meeting till passion could subside, and the resolution to practically take charge of it in person, was a grand stroke of policy. It broke the whole force of the movement at the outset.

The morning of the 15th of March dawned sombre and bleak, and the leaden clouds hung heavy and dark over the wintry landscape. The snow still lay on the

mountain-tops and in the deep hollows as Washington and his staff turned away from these head-quarters and began slowly to climb the hill back of Newburgh toward the "Temple," a frame building that stood in an open clearing. It was a large structure which had been erected as a place of worship for the army. As he approached it, absorbed in painful, anxious thought, he saw the open space around it filled with horses in military trappings held by orderlies or hitched to the trees, showing that the officers had already assembled. On an opposite ridge across a morass, peeping

out from among the trees, were scattered the huts of the encampment, where the army, half clad, half starved, and unpaid, lay murmuring and discontented. His eye rested for a moment upon them with a sad expression; then, dismounting and handing his horse to an orderly, he entered the building, packed with an anxious, waiting audience. Every eye was turned as that tall majestic form passed through the door and moved toward the raised platform at the other end of the room. His heavy footfall on the uncarpeted floor fell clear and distinct as the blows of a hammer in the profound silence. As he stepped upon it and turned around and cast his eye over the assembly, the painful sadness of his face showed that his great heart was stirred to its profoundest depths, and sent a thrill of sympathy through the room. As his eye swept over the throng he knew every countenance of those who composed it. They had been his comrades for seven long years. Shoulder to shoulder they had moved beside him in the deadly conflict. He had heard their battle-shout on the fields of his fame as they bore him on to victory. Brave men were they all, on whom he had relied, and not in vain, in the hour of deadly peril. A thousand proofs of their devotion came rushing back on his memory, and their toils and sufferings rose before him till his heart swelled over them in affection and sorrow. He could have no words of rebuke for them—only words of love and sympathy. Absorbed in his feelings he forgot his spectacles as he unrolled his manuscript. Pausing he took them from his pocket, and remarked, in a tone subdued by emotion, "These eyes, my friends, have grown dim, and these locks white in the service, yet I never doubted the justice of my country." They were simple words, but the sad, suppressed tone in which they were uttered sent a thrill through the room, and lips quivered and eyes moistened that had never blanched in the fiercest whirlwind of battle. He began this immortal address by referring to the anonymous writer of the appeal, and denouncing his conduct and advice in unsparing language, and then with a changed voice spoke of the army, its sufferings and devotion, of his own deep abiding attachment to it, saying that he had always been its "faithful friend"; had never left it except when called away by duty, but had ever been its companion in distress and

danger; that he had rejoiced when he heard it praised, and was filled with indignation when it was traduced; that his own fame was inseparably bound up in its glory, and that it could "not be supposed that at this late stage of the war he was indifferent to its interests," and pledged himself then and there anew to see all their wrongs redressed, all their rights established. As his deepening voice re-asserted his love for the army and steadfast adherence to its fortunes, eyes unaccustomed to weep overflowed with tears. Taking fire, as he proceeded, at the infamous advice to take up arms against their country, he exclaims, "My God! what can this writer have in view in recommending such measures? Can he be a friend to the country? No: he is plotting the ruin of both!"

"Let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, as you regard the military or national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes under any specious pretense to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire in blood." He urged them to exhibit the same steadfast patriotism and devotion to duty that had ever characterized them, and wait patiently for the justice their country was sure to render them. He closed this noble address in the following impressive language: "By thus determining and acting you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice; and you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the most complicated sufferings, and you will by the dignity of your conduct afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind: Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human virtue is capable of attaining."

With a stately bow he descended the platform and walked out of the building. As he passed through the door, Knox immediately arose and moved that the thanks of the officers be tendered to the commander-



WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS IN CONSULTATION, MARCH 15, 1783.

in chief for his address, and to "assure him that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with *the greatest sincerity of which the human heart is capable.*" Other resolutions followed, which were unanimously carried. The deed was done, the rising storm sank to rest, and the terrible crisis was past. It was no figure of speech when he said that the course advised by this anonymous writer would drench this rising empire in blood. Civil war would inevitably have followed, the divided colonies easily fallen again into the hands of England.

Washington rode back to his headquarters, and received with a relieved and happy heart the congratulations of his officers.\* The rumors of peace that now from time to time reached the army were at length confirmed, and on the 11th of April Congress issued a procla-

mation that hostilities had ceased, but Washington did not make it known till the 18th. In the earlier years of the war men had enlisted for a certain time, but this time often expiring at the beginning or in the middle of a campaign, it caused great confusion and often disaster, so that at length they were enlisted for the war; and Washington was troubled lest the men should construe this proclamation as ending the war, and demand their immediate discharge. Still he saw it could not be kept secret, and he issued an order on the 18th of April announcing it.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, NEWBURGH, April 18, 1783.

"The commander-in-chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain to be publicly read to-morrow at 12 o'clock at the new building, and the proclamation which will be communicated herewith to be read to-morrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps of the army. After which the chaplains with the several brigades will render thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies, particularly for His overruling the wrath of men to His own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations."

\* It was afterward discovered that this dangerous appeal was written by Major John Armstrong, an aide-de-camp of Gates. It is but justice to say that after Washington became President, he, after hearing Armstrong's vindication of himself, acquitted him of acting from treasonable motives.

He then goes on to say that having accomplished such glorious results, and preserved such a noble character through all their trials, and immortalized themselves by receiving the appellation of the "Patriot Army," nothing more remains but to maintain that character to the very last act, and close the drama with applause, and retire from the military theatre with the same approbation of men and angels which has crowned all their former virtuous actions. To secure this end, he says, strict discipline must be maintained until Congress shall order their final discharge. He promises them his aid and influence, but in the mean time is determined that "no military neglects or excesses shall go unpunished."

After giving directions about preparations for the celebration, the proclamation concludes with the following significant sentence, which doubtless conveyed more meaning to many a poor half-starved soldier than all the high compliments that had preceded it: "An extra ration of liquor to be issued to every man to-morrow, to drink perpetual peace and independence and happiness to the United States of America."

Accompanying this proclamation for a day of jubilee, which is an excellent example of Washington's remarkable sagacity, he issued the next day the following order for another celebration, that has only recently come to light, and shows that, considering the poverty of the soldiers and citizens at that time, it must have been on a grand scale:

NEWBURGH HEAD-QUARTERS, April 19, 1783

To erect a frame for an illumination the several corps of the cantonment are to square and deliver at the new building, on Monday next, the following pieces of timber, viz.:

	Pieces.	Feet Long.	Inches Square.
Maryland Detachment . . . . .	29	30	7
Jersey Regiment . . . . .	5	30	7
Jersey Battalion . . . . .	2	30	7
First New York Regiment . . . . .	2	30	7
Second New York Regiment . . . . .	3	30	7
Hampshire Regiment . . . . .	8	18	7
Hampshire Battalion . . . . .	3	18	7
First Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	9	18	7
Fourth Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	8	18	7
Seventh Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	4	18	7
Fourth Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	4	19	7
Second Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	8	19	7
Fifth Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	4	19	7
Fourth Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	8	8	7
Eighth Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	16	8	7
Fourth Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	2	14	7
Third Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	3	15	7
Third Massachusetts Regiment . . . . .	6	11	7

Here are more than a hundred pieces of timber, all but a few from thirty to nineteen feet long and seven inches square, for a frame on which to hang lights. This would be considered a gigantic operation at the present day even. But who in the Continental army could get up such a display? This is explained by the following order issued the next day. "Each commanding officer of a brigade is requested to appoint an officer to assist Colonel Gouvion in making preparations for the illumination. Colonel Gouvion will meet the officers at 12 o'clock to-morrow at the new building." It is seen that a French officer familiar with such displays got up the affair, and as Continental money was so worthless it would take a cart-load to buy a chicken, it is fair to presume that French money paid for it. A busy scene followed. Where now are richly cultivated farms, great forests stood, which were soon filled with soldiers; and laughter and song mingled with the sound of the axe and crashing of trees—felled not for the purpose of building breastworks, but for the celebration of peace. *Seventeen regiments and battalions* swarming the woods, some hewing the timbers and others bearing them on their shoulders to their place of destination, made an exciting scene. Their arms were left in their huts, and though many were shoeless and in rags, cold and wet were alike forgotten in the approaching day of jubilee.

Although the first formal celebration was to commence at 12 o'clock with prayer, an anthem of praise accompanied by the band, and followed by three thundering huzzas, the excited soldiers could not wait till then, but ushered in the day with firing of guns and shouts and songs till hill and valley rang again. Heath says that the effect was grand when the army with excited voices thundered forth the anthem "Independence," by Billings:

"The States, O Lord, with songs of praise  
Shall in Thy strength rejoice;  
And, blest with Thy salvation, raise  
To heaven their cheerful voice."

And from plain and hill-top, field and forest, there rose strong and great against the sky,

"And all the Continent shall ring,  
Down with this earthly king;  
No king but God."

When night came the piles of combustible materials that had been heaped on the summits of Berean Mountains and



BEACON-FIRES ON THE HUDSON IN CELEBRATION OF PEACE

Storm King to signal the advance of the enemy were lighted up, not to herald the approach of the foe, but blazed from their lofty tops like great altar fires to the God of peace. In June furloughs were granted, and the army dwindled away. Still a

portion was left to guard the stores and remove them when peace should be established. Besides, there were a great many invalids; many had no homes to go to; many were in rags and not fit to be seen on the highways; and others who had no means of getting away, and could travel only as beggars, preferred to remain behind and wait for their long-promised pay.

But at length the treaty of peace was concluded, and the army must be disbanded. This was the last and most touching act in the whole drama. The joy of the celebration was now forgotten in the sadness of parting and the gloomy prospect before them. On the morning of the 3d of November the few remaining troops assembled for the last time, and here

"In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,"

to hear the farewell address of their great leader. Never more would they behold him in their midst, never again see him ride along their firm-set lines, the light of battle in his eye, and words of encouragement on his lips. Years of common suffering and common danger had endeared him to them, and in the sorrow of that final parting the joys of peace were remembered no more. When the reading was finished, the band struck up the tune of "Roslyn Castle," which was always played when they bore a dead comrade to his grave, and as the mournful strains lingered on the air they broke ranks for the last time, and the last of the glorious Revolutionary army disappeared from sight forever, but yet to live in the memory and affection of the country they saved, and be again summoned in imagination from their graves in these centennial years to receive the plaudits of their descendants. The scene that followed was heart-rending. Many a gallant officer whose sword had flashed along the line in the smoke of battle must now give it up, and penniless beg his way as a pauper to his long-abandoned and impoverished home.

Says Dr. Thatcher, who was present: "Painful was the parting; no description can be adequate to the tragic exhibition. Both officers and soldiers, long unaccustomed to the affairs of private life, were turned loose upon the world. Never can the day be forgotten when friends and companions for seven years in joy and sorrow were torn asunder without the hope of ever meeting again, and with the

prospect of a miserable subsistence in the future."

Major North, another witness of the painful scene, says: "The inmates of the same tent for seven long years grasped each other's hands in silent agony; to go they knew not whither; all recollection of the art to thrive by civil service lost, or to the youthful never known; their hard-earned military knowledge worse than useless, and to be cast out into the world by them long since forgotten; to go in silence and alone, and poor and helpless. It was too hard. Oh, on that sad day how many hearts were wrung! I saw it all, nor will the scene be ever blotted from my view."

The brave, kind-hearted Steuben looked on the scene with pitying eyes. Seeing Colonel Cochrane, a brave, gallant officer, standing apart and leaning on his sword, while his face expressed the deepest sadness, he approached him and said, "Cheer up; better times are coming."

"For myself," replied the officer, "I can stand it; but," pointing to a mere hovel near by, he added, "my wife and daughters are in that wretched tavern. I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them."

"Come, come," said the baron: "I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochrane and your daughters;" and leaving him standing alone, he strode away to the tavern, where he found the ladies sunk in despondency. The sight was too much for the brave old veteran, and emptying his purse on the table, he hastened away to escape their tears and their blessings.

Some left by water in sloops, and some on foot, and soon the last tent was struck, and the flag that had swung for more than a year and a half from this old building was taken down, the last morning and evening gun had been fired, and silence and solitude fell on the place.

The brave men, scattered over the country they had saved, were impoverished, and smarting under the sense of injustice on the part of the government, and would have been left in doubt and uncertainty as to their future course but for the farewell address of Washington. These his last parting words to them became a law of action, a chart by which to guide their conduct, and through its silent, unseen influence the dangerous, turbulent element, that at one time threatened to be too strong even for Washington, became tranquil, un-



til the nation, slowly lifting its head out of its sea of troubles, arose strong and complacent and secure.

This farewell address, dated the day before the disbandment of the army, after speaking of the proclamation of Congress to that end, and its testimony "to the merits of the federal armies," says:

"It only remains for the commander-in-chief to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States (however widely dispersed), and to bid them an affectionate and long farewell. But before the commander-in-chief takes his final leave of those he holds most dear, he wishes to indulge himself a few moments in calling to mind a slight review of the past. He will then take the liberty of exploring with his military friends their future prospects, of advising the general line of conduct which in his opinion ought to be pursued, and he will conclude the address by expressing the obligations he feels himself under for the spirited and able assistance he has experienced from them in the performance of an arduous office.

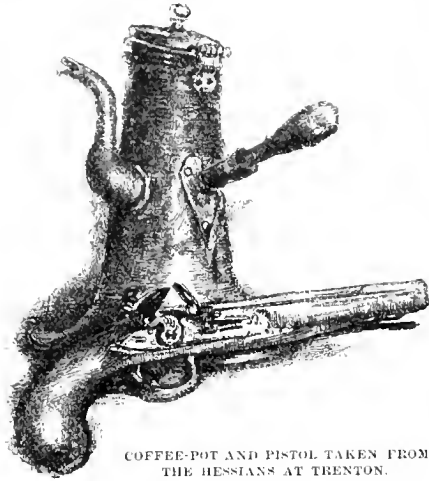
"A complete attainment (at a period earlier than could have been expected) of the object for which we contended against so formidable a power can not but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part under which the war was undertaken can never be forgotten. The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years was little short of a standing miracle.

"It is not the meaning nor is it within the compass of this address to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season, nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred by a recollection of the uncommon scene in which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness—events

which have seldom if ever before taken place on the stage of human action, nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has ever before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who that was not a witness could imagine that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon, and that men who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who that was not on the spot can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

"It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic who will exclude them from the rights of citizens and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuit of commerce, the cultivation of the soil, will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers who were actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment, and the extensive and fertile fields of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. Nor is it possible to conceive that any one of the United States will prefer a national bankruptcy and a dissolution of the Union to a compliance with the requisitions of Congress and the payment of its just debts, so that the officers and soldiers may expect considerable assistance in recommencing their civil occupations from the sums due to them from the public, which must and will most inevitably be paid.

"In order to effect this most desirable purpose, and to remove the prejudices which may have taken possession of the mind of any of the good people of the United States, it is earnestly recommended to all the troops that with strong attachment to the Union they should carry with them into civil society the most con-



COFFEE-POT AND PISTOL TAKEN FROM  
THE HESSIANS AT TRENTON.



RELIC OF BUNKER HILL.



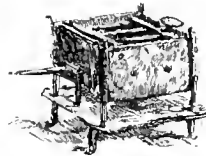
SOLDIER'S KNIFE AND FORK.



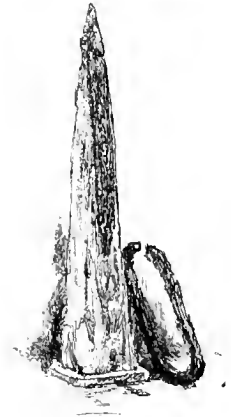
WASHINGTON'S CHAIR



LADY WASHINGTON'S  
BRIDAL WATCH.



CAMP BROILER.



POINT OF CHEVAL-DE-  
PRISE AND LINK OF CHAIN.

RELICS IN WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

ciliating disposition, and they should prove themselves not less virtuous and useful citizens than they have been persevering and victorious soldiers. What though there should be some envious individuals who are unwilling to pay the debt the public has contracted, or to yield the tribute due to merit, yet let such unworthy treatment produce no invectives nor any instance of intemperate conduct. Let it be remembered that the unbiassed voice of the free citizens of the United States has promised the just reward and given the merited applause. Let it be known and remembered that the reputation of the federal armies is established

beyond the reach of malevolence, and let a consciousness of their achievements and fame still incite the men which composed them to honorable action under the persuasion that the private virtues of economy, prudence, and industry will not be less amiable in civil life than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance, and enterprise were in the field. Every one may rest assured that much, very much, of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend on the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the General has so frequently given it as

his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that unless the principles of the Federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation would be lost forever, yet he can not help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leave it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier who may now view the subject in the same serious point of light to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends.

"The Commander-in-chief conceives but little now wanting to enable the soldiers to change the military character into that of the citizen but that steady and decent tenor of behavior which has generally distinguished not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and separate armies through the course of the war. From their good sense and prudence he anticipates the happiest consequences, and while he congratulates them on the glorious occasion which renders their service in the field no longer necessary, he wishes to express the strong obligations he feels himself under for the assistance he has received from every class and in every instance. He presents his thanks in the most serious and affectionate manner to the general officers as well for their counsel on many interesting occasions as for their ardor in promoting the success of the plans he had adopted; to the commanders of regiments and corps and to the other officers for their great zeal and attention in carrying his orders promptly into execution; to the staff for their alacrity and exactness in performing the duties of their several departments; and to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers for their extraordinary patience and suffering as well as their invincible fortitude in action. To the various branches of the army the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes that more than bare professions were in his power, that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

"And being now to conclude this his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors both here and hereafter attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others! With these wishes and these benedictions, the Commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene will be closed forever."

The casual reader, or one who does not comprehend fully the circumstances at that time or the purpose for which it was written, will see in this address only good fatherly advice, without any particular significance or force. But there never was an address more carefully studied, or filled with a loftier purpose, nor better adapted to produce great and decisive results. It was designed to hold that scattered, impoverished army within those safe bounds without which all would be lost, and which Congress could not do. Washington knew the dangerous temper in which that army had been disbanded, its hatred to that government which must be upheld by them, or all that had been won would be worse than useless, and yet a government for which they had neither love nor respect, but instead scorn and contempt. This was a perilous state of things, and there was nothing to hold these neglected and often reckless men but their unbounded love and veneration for Washington. He had proved its great strength when the Newburgh letters convulsed the army, and this was his last effort to employ it for his country. Though he had condemned that government in unsparing language, and told it plainly that its conduct imperiled the "very existence of the nation," yet he now defended it. With all its injustice and weakness, there was nothing else to look to; he therefore "leaves it as his last injunction to every officer and soldier" to support it. He makes every possible appeal to them. He reaches the consciences of these Puritan soldiers by telling them that their wonderful success is a standing miracle, brought about by Providence being on

their side, thus making them look away from themselves to that Being they had been taught to reverence. He tells them that the only way to enjoy the priceless blessings they have won is to prove themselves as wise and prudent citizens as they have been brave and self-sacrificing soldiers; in short, to show themselves as great in peace as they have proved great in war. He tells them of his own unbounded love for them, and promises over again that justice shall be done them in the future, and their claims satisfied. How completely he sinks himself, the great central figure, out of sight! He does not refer to his own sacrifices or achievements. He sees only his country, and thinks only of her welfare, and his whole soul is bent on keeping that army which has followed his fortunes so long true to its interests. Viewed in this light it stands unparalleled as a farewell address from a military chieftain to his soldiers, and shows a sagacity and far-seeing glance that seems more like prophetic vision than

human foresight, and displays in the strongest light the great and lofty traits of his character.

After he has thus put in their hands a chart to guide their future course, and laid down the only principles on which they can safely act, after having done all in his power to serve and save his country, he at last lets his thoughts revert alone to their bravery, their toils and devotion, and as he contemplates his final parting with them forever, his heart gives way to a burst of affection; and he bids them farewell with a benediction and prayer for their welfare that shows how deeply that great heart was moved.

As one rises from the study of this address, viewed in connection with the times and purpose for which it was written, he says, with Fisher Ames: "Of those who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born not for themselves but for their country, how few, alas, are recorded in the long annals of the ages! Two Washingtons come not in one age."

## DALECARLIA.

### II.

FREE from the oppressive dictation of a guide-book, we wandered far into Dalecarlia, wherever the picturesqueness of people or landscape led us, regardless of the conventionalities of travel. The long days of midsummer, with no darkness and little twilight, followed one another like a succession of day-dreams, for no arbitrary nature drove us to bed or summoned us to rise. At midnight we were sometimes working on sunset-color studies or sitting at the window reading. We started for our day's walk an hour after supper, sleeping when we were sleepy, and eating when we were hungry. How long a man accustomed to a lower latitude could endure the dissipation of this irregular life we did not discover, for our experiment was not long enough to fix the limit of our endurance. For a while at least it was an agreeable change, and we looked forward to dark nights with no pleasant anticipation. There came continually to mind the complaint of the thrifty New England housewife, who, although rising at dawn, and continuing her work by evening candle-light, never thinks her day half long enough for the hundred duties that are crowded into it. But the Dale-

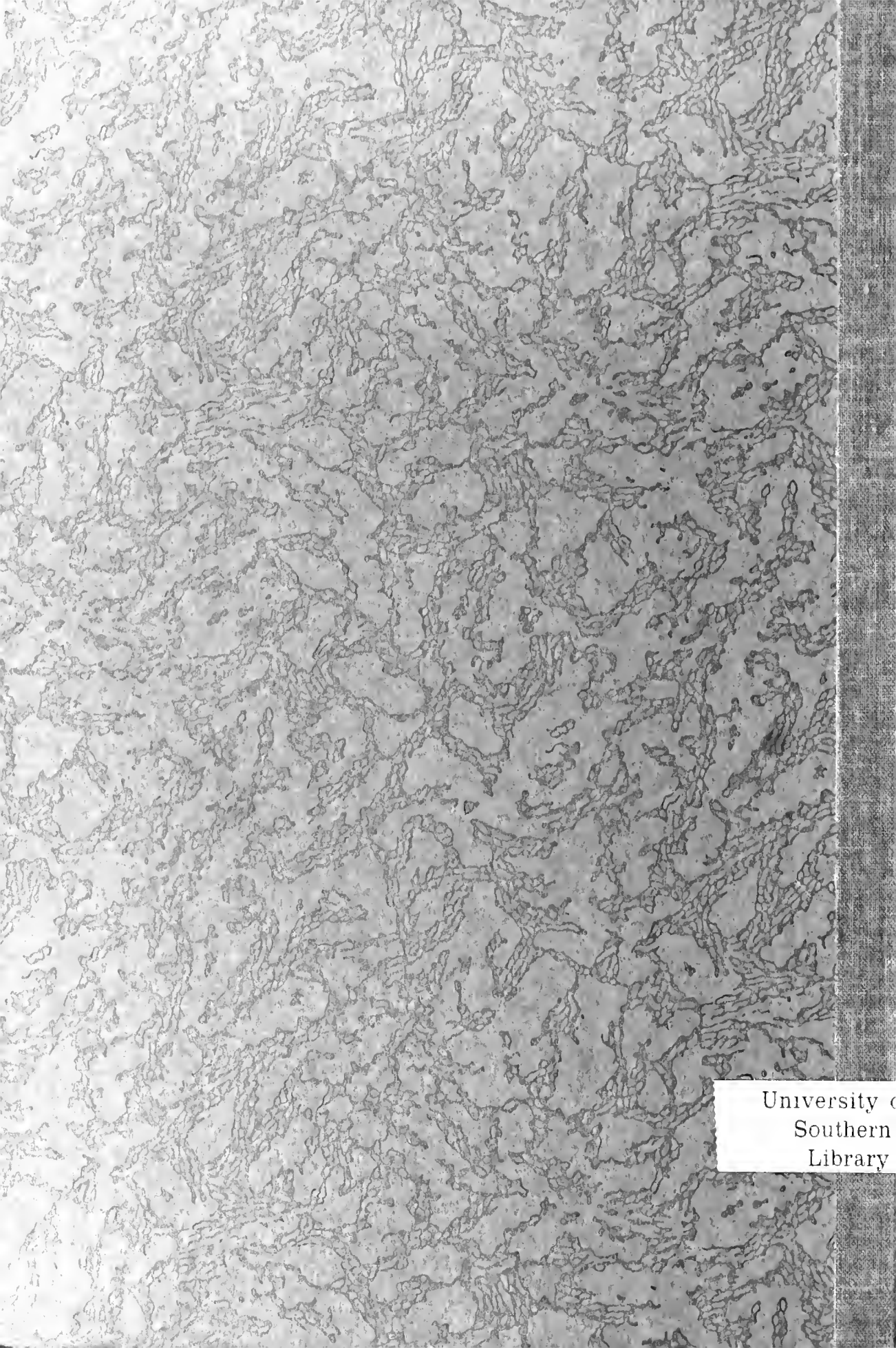
carlian farmer doubtless finds his working hours as many as human nature can endure, for he is obliged in this short season to make up for the long and dark winter, when candles are lighted in the middle of the afternoon, and the cattle do not leave the barns for months. The farm-boy hitches up the horses to harrow at ten o'clock in the evening; toward midnight the carts laden with hay rumble along the village streets, and there are sounds of life all night long. Even the birds scarcely know when to cease singing, and their twitter may be heard far into the evening. Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door jamb or is stuck in the shingles of the low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the court-yard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow, and repeat the oper-



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